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ADVICE

To the Kentiſh Long-Tails,

By the WISE MEN of

GOTHAM,

In Anſwer to their late Sawcy PETITION to the PARLIAMENT. of England

WE, the Long heads of *Gotham*, o'er our Merry Cups meeting,
To the Long-Tails of *Kent*, by theſe Preſents ſend Greeting:
Whereas, we're inform'd, that your *Maidſtone* Grand Jury,
A moſt Monſtrous Petition has Penn'd in a Fury;
We're ſtrangely ſurpriz'd at the News we'll aſſure ye.
For, unleſs both our Reading and Memory fails,
Old *Kent* has been Fam'd, not for *Heads*, but for *Tails*.
Not to make on your Intellects any Reflection, --
The *Senate* needs none of your *Kentiſh* Direction, --
To prevent Foreign Inſults, and Home Inſurrection.
Without your Intruding and ſage Interpoſing,
And thruſting where no Body calls you, your Noſe in,
Our *Commons* will ſteer the Great Boat of themſelves,
And ſave it from daſhing on Rocks or on Shelves:
They'l provide for our *Tarrs*, and ſettle the Nation:
Then let each Private Man be content in his Station.
We therefore adviſe you to lead ſober Lives,
To look after your Orchards, and comfort your Wives.
To Gibbets and Gallows your Owlers advance,
That, that's the ſure way to Mortifie *France*:
For *Monſieur* our Nation will always be Gulling,
While you take ſuch care to ſupply him with Woollen.
And if your *Allegiance* to *Cæſar*'s ſo great,
All Smugling and Stealing of Cuſtoms defeat,
Or elſe all your Loyalty's nought but a Cheat.
Above all, let each *Long-Tail* his Talent employ,
On his *Spouſe*'s ſoft *Anvil* to get ſuch a Boy
As will equal in Vigour the fam'd *William Joy*.
Then in Peace you may eat both your Boil'd and your Roaſt,
And the *French* will be Damn'd e'er they'll Land on your Coaſt.

Signed by the Mayor, Aldermen, and the Common-Council; All the Inhabitants, both Men, Women, and Children, that could make their Marks, at the Quarter Seſſions holden at Gotham, *in* Comitatu Eſſex, *the* 12th. *of* May. 1705.

This was occasioned by a petition given in by ye grand jury of [illegible]